



INTRODUCTION

The present issue of Captain George's Comic World contains material "liberated" from Science Fiction Pulp of varying degrees of age. Some of the artists need no introduction, they will be well known to you. The others are "Strangers In A Strange Land", and you may wonder what they are doing here, in a fanzine produced by and for Comic Art Fans. The answer is simple. Comic Art comes in many guises; newspaper and magazine advertisements, movie posters, how-to-do-it instructions, magazine and book illustrations, etc. etc. The serious fan should be aware of this "off-shoot" material and be prepared to show it to Doubting Thomas' who think that Comic Art is strictly for kids. Hence, this issue, and the many others that may appear to be out of place.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

Captain George's Comic World is produced in groups of 10. Numbers 1 to 10, 11 to 20, 21 to 30 etc. Each group of 10 costs \$3.00. Individual issues are 30¢ but will NOT be sold to non-subscribers. I will no longer fill orders for odd numbers such as 15 to 24, 7 to 12 etc. I haven't the time to fiddle with odd numbers and I don't want to break up sets.

NUMBERING

TARZAN is Number 9, MUTT and JEFF Number 10, BUCK ROGERS Number 16.



BEWARE!

FREE COMICS GROUP™



20¢ 1 MAR 1985

THE MONSTERS ARE COMING!

BEWARE!



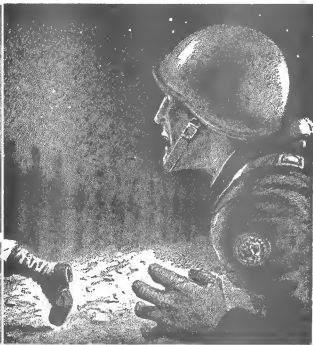
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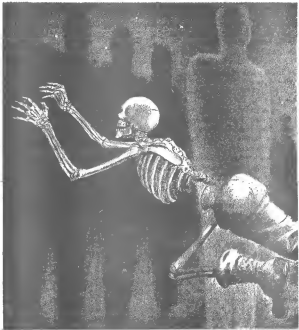
the incredible
BUMBLEBEE-MAN!

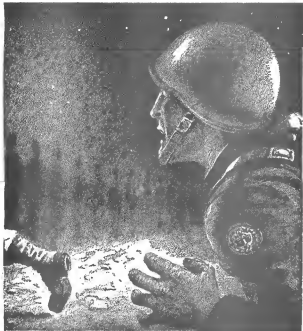
Weirdisms



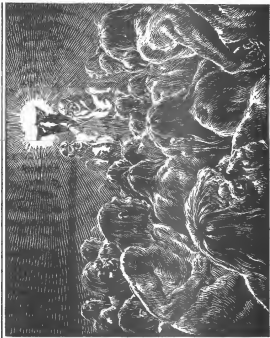
TO ACCOMPLISH THE EVIL DESIGNS OF THEIR MASTER, THE DEVIL, IT WAS ESSENTIAL THAT WIZARDS MINGLE WITH PEOPLE. THUS WE FIND THEM IN THE ROLE OF MEDICINE MEN. THEY JOURNEYED OVER THE COUNTRY-SIDE LADEN WITH THE TRAPS OF THEIR TRADE - AKNAPSACK HUNG ON THEIR BACK & A POUCH AT THEIR SIDE. HEREIN THEY CARRIED CHARMS, HEX-SIGNS & HERBS & NOT INFREQUENTLY, NEEDLES, THREAD, PRETTIES & SUNDRY OTHER NOTIONS TO TEMPT THE PUBLIC. IN SPITE OF THEIR DEBASED CHARACTER WIZARDS HELD A CERTAIN CHARM ABOUT THEIR PERSONALITY WHICH LET THEM INTO THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PEOPLE THEY SET OUT TO BEWITCH.

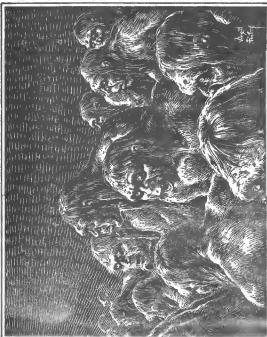


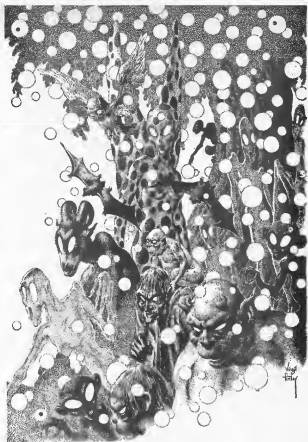


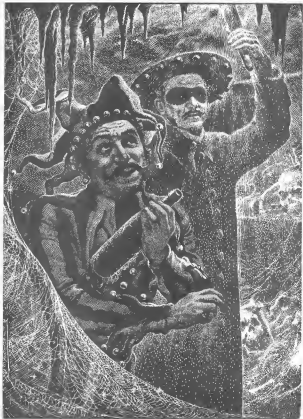












Illustrator: Virgil Finlay



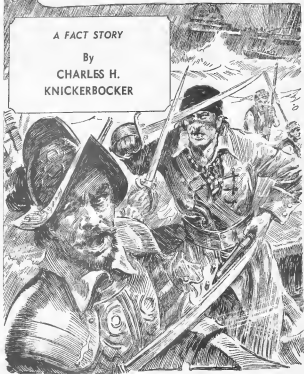




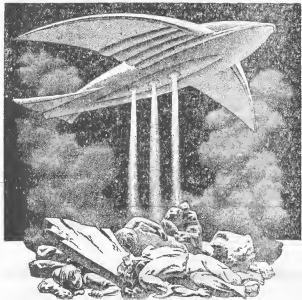
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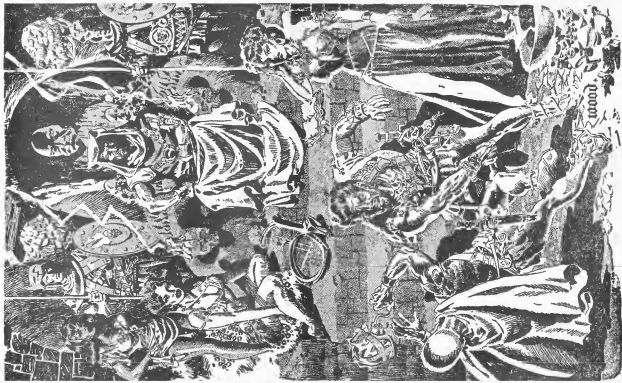
By
CHARLES H.
KNICKERBOCKER



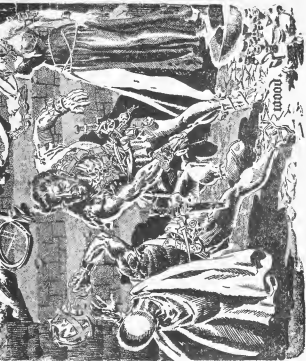








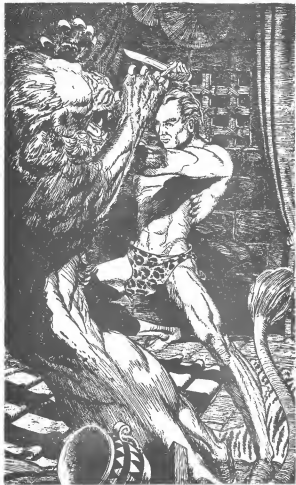








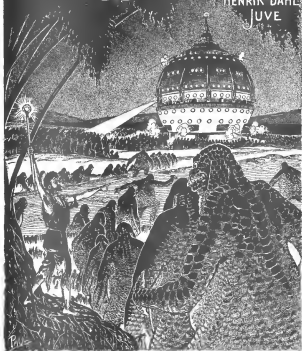






The Struggle for Neptune

BY
HENRIK DAHL
JUVE

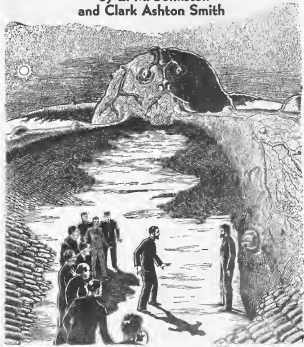


(Illustration by Pasty)

Smoke flared from the flyers and a shell burst in the midst of the attackers. Scales and monsters flew in every direction.

The Planet Entity

by E. M. Johnston
and Clark Ashton Smith



(Illustration by Karel Čapek)

The thing was unbelievable. It was all the more incredible to Gaillard. The garments, the shoes were replicas of those worn by himself. Every limb was a replica of his.

The Struggle for Pallas

by J. M. Walsh

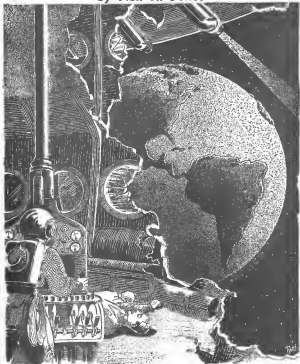


Illustration by Mortchuk

I stopped dead. A figure was seated at the receiving set. It was a thing utterly grotesque and horrible.

The Asteroid of Death

by Neil R. Jones

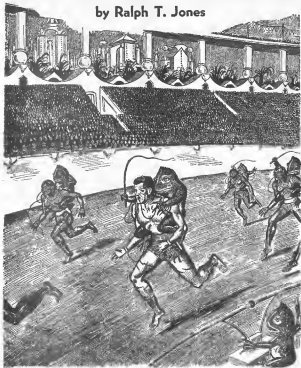


I was weak and exhausted when, like a huge rotating ball, the mother world loomed before me.

(Illustration by Paul)

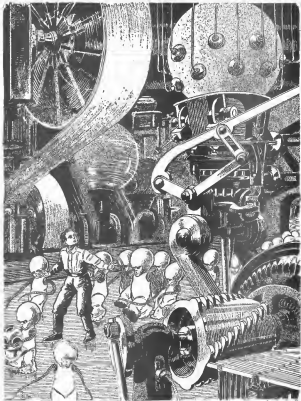
The Man-Beast of Toree

by Ralph T. Jones



(Illustration by Howard)

In his right paw he held the whip, and I felt it descend, in one cruel stinging sweep, across my straining legs.



(Illustration by Faul)

He went through a mighty room, in which tremendous machines revolved their wheels and raised their iron arms.

The Secret of the Tomb

By R. Crossley Arnold



(Illustration by Miller)

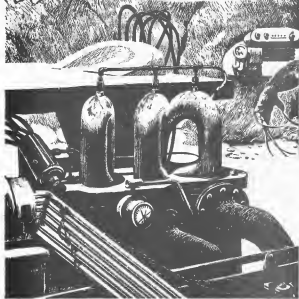
On each table lay a glass case; in each lay an Egyptian, with olive in his blood. They had been sleeping for centuries.

(Illustration by Paul)



The RUSTED JUNGLE

by MILTON LESSER







WIZARDS AND WITCHES GENERALLY SPEAKING WERE INDIVIDUALISTS IN THEIR GENERAL PRACTICE. IN THE DAYLIGHT & EARLY EVENING THEY ROAMED THE COUNTRY ALONE & DEALT THEIR EVIL POTIONS TO WHOEVER CAME INTO THEIR DISLIKE. HOWEVER AS MIDNIGHT & SABBAT TIME APPROACHED THEY STRODE IN COUPLES TO THE MEETING PLACE. IT WAS NOT UNCOMMON IN THE OLDEN DAYS, AS THE HOUR OF TWELVE CAME NIGH, TO SEE A GRUESOME PAIR ARM IN ARM LEADING THEIR IMP BY ALBASH, WALKING OFF INTO A SEEMINGLY NOWHERE BY THE DIM LIGHT OF A CROOKED MOON.